

Price 35




The Heart of

pip

strength restored by watchful care,
he more to face his country's foe;
days of bliss that still remain
less hours ere Iris bids him
again war's shadows grim!

...the heart of the man who
...the heart of the man who
...the heart of the man who
...the heart of the man who
...the heart of the man who



Duesenberg

The Power of the Hour

Airplane—Automobile—Marine Engines

The Aviator, the Ambulance Driver, the Naval Ensign, are all "Doing-Their-Bit" to finish the job of work before us all. The Duesenberg Motors Corporation is likewise doing its utmost to assist in finishing this same job of work. In order to better concentrate our

resources on the work in hand for the United States Government we have withdrawn all our regular models from the market and our entire organization is working at top speed on its portion of the huge Airplane Construction Program.

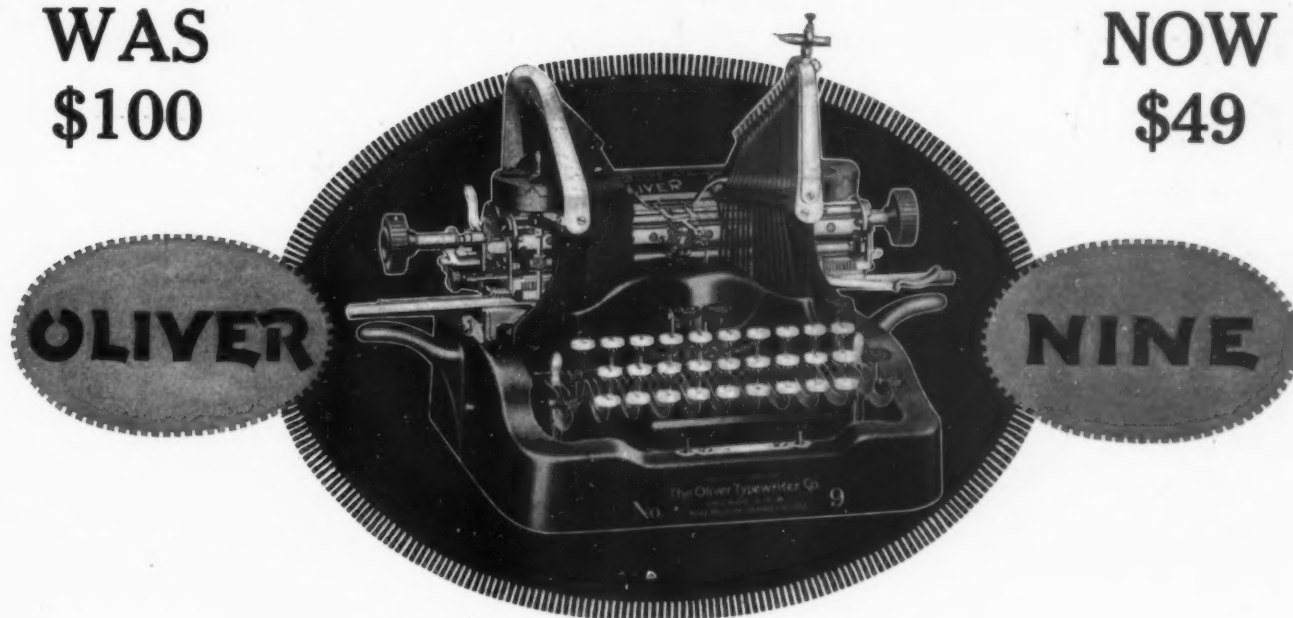
Are You Doing Your Bit for the Liberty Loan?

DUESENBERG MOTORS CORPORATION, 120 Broadway, New York City

Contractors to the United States Government

**WAS
\$100**

**NOW
\$49**



A Stenographer's Advice On Typewriter Buying How to Save \$51

THE young lady who suggested this advertisement convinced the writer that too few people realize that the Oliver Typewriter has a STANDARD keyboard. A definite propaganda, she insisted, had been spread to lead people to believe that the Oliver keyboard was different, and therefore difficult.

This advertisement is to set people aright. It should be understood once and for all that the Oliver has the same standard arrangement of letters as on all standard typewriters. And it has improvements and simplifications not found elsewhere. Several hundred thousand stenographers use the Oliver daily.

The young lady brought up another point. She said many people might think that the new \$49 Oliver is a second-hand or rebuilt machine of an earlier model.

But note that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. This is a \$2,000,000 guarantee that the \$49 Oliver is the exact model formerly priced at \$100. Not a change has been made. It is brand new, never used.

How We Both Save

The entire saving of \$51 comes from ending wasteful sales methods.

We no longer have 15,000 salesmen and agents. Nor expensive offices in 50 cities. These, and other costly practices, amounted to \$51 for selling each machine.

Now we sell direct. We save the \$51 and give it to you. You are your own salesman. Over 600,000 Olivers have been sold. It is used by the big concerns, as listed below.

Among the Large Users Are

United States Steel Corporation
Montgomery Ward & Company
Baldwin Locomotive Works
Pennsylvania Railroad
Lord & Thomas
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Bethlehem Steel Company
National Cloak & Suit Co.
New York Edison Company
Cluett, Peabody & Co.

National City Bank of New York
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Encyclopedia Britannica
American Bridge Company
Otis Elevator Company
Diamond Match Company
Fore River Ship Building Corporation
Boy Scouts of America
Corn Products Refining Co.
Boston Elevated Railway

Mail Today—Don't Delay

The entire facilities of this company are devoted exclusively to the production and distribution of Oliver Typewriters. This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this, our latest and best model.

The only reason we have been able to maintain this \$49 price is that we have had such a large increase in sales. We hope to be able to maintain this price. But, if the cost of materials and labor continues to go up, we may be forced to increase this price.

We do not wish to. We do not expect to. But we advise you to act now to be certain of getting your Oliver Nine at \$49.

Free Trial

We ship an Oliver Nine to you for five days' free trial. If you decide to keep it, pay us at the rate of \$3 per month. If you return it, we even refund the transportation charges. What could be fairer, simpler? You may order an Oliver Nine for free trial direct from this advertisement. It does not place you under the slightest obligation to keep it.

Used machines accepted in exchange at fair valuation.

Or, you may ask for our free book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." This amazing book exposes the old way of selling and tells where the \$51 used to go.

Read the two-way coupon—then mail it today. Note how simple the whole plan is—how you deal direct with the manufacturer.

Canadian Price, \$62.65

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
366 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
366 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$49 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your deluxe catalog and further information.

Name

Street Address

City..... State.....



This was only a PRACTICE charge!

It is Captain John Lauder's Company of the Argyle Sutherland Highlanders training in England before going to the Front.

Every day we see similar photographs and motion pictures of our own American boys gaily rehearsing for the grim work Over There.

But not so very long after this photograph was taken this same Company made a REAL charge in battle with the Germans.

Most of the men you see in the picture were left strewn across the muddy field; and Captain John Lauder, their leader, was shot dead at their head.

Only those who have sons in the service—only those who have letters and pictures from their own boys in training—can know how Harry Lauder felt when that news came. If you have a Son in service—or any friend in uniform—you will find both courage and consolation in Harry Lauder's great book.

FOR thirty-five careless years Harry Lauder had used his talents only to amuse. Great audiences the world over hailed him with delight. \$5,000 a week was paid him for a few minutes of song and laughter. Suddenly he got word that his only son, a young Captain in the British Army, had been killed by the Germans. Black despair overwhelmed the greatest of all fun makers. He wavered between the depths of surrender and the heights of faith. But the thought of his dying son's last words to the oncharging Highlanders won the day. Harry Lauder decided to "Carry On!" He subscribed every cent of his wealth to the British War Loans. Then he went soberly back to work—jesting and singing in memory of a lonely grave in No Man's Land.

HE has sung to the soldiers in hospitals and camps—lived with them at the Front in the mud and blood-soggy trenches. He toured England from end to end raising money and recruits. He is now here in America working day and night to raise money for a home for maimed and crippled soldiers—he has visited seventy-seven cities from Boston to Los Angeles—he has spoken to millions—his story has sent 12,000 volunteers into the Army.

HARRY LAUDER has set down account of all his experiences—a profoundly inspiring work written in his own simple words, lightened by those inimitable flashes of pathos and kindly humor.

"I have been in France, I realize more than ever that my son's life was not given in vain."

If you have a son in the service, if you have any friend in uniform, you will find courage and consolation in Harry Lauder's ringing words of patriotism and faith. Your bookseller can furnish you with a copy of Harry Lauder's great book. It is called "A MINSTREL IN FRANCE." Or if a good bookstore is not convenient send \$2.00 to

**HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL
LIBRARY COMPANY**

119 West 40th Street, New York City, N. Y.

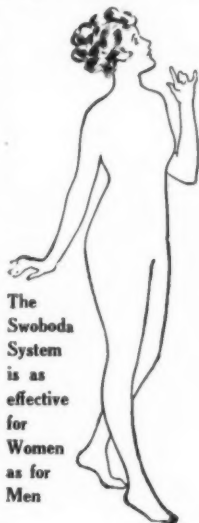
Why Not Become a Giant in Energy, Health and Mind!

Unless your body, in every department, including the mind, is capable of withstanding abuse without distress, you have no real health, living, vital and mental power. You have but negative health. You are well by mere accident. Real health and real success come only through the power to live and succeed. The Swoboda character of health, vitality and energy will enable you to enjoy conditions that now distress you. A unique, new and wonderful discovery that furnishes the body and brain cells with a degree of energy that surpasses imagination

THERE is a new and wonderful system of reconstructing and recreating the human organism—a system of mental and physical development that has already revolutionized the lives of men and women all over the country. It has brought them a new kind of health, strength, energy, confidence and success. It has given them such marvelous energy of mind and body that they enjoy a life so full, so intense, so thoroughly worth while, that the old life to which they were accustomed seemed totally inferior in every respect.

No Drugs or Medicines

This new system, although it has already resulted in the complete recovery of thousands upon thousands of "extreme" cases, is just as valuable to people who are satisfied with their health. It gives them an entirely new idea of how truly healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with energy, dash and life. And it is so thoroughly natural and simple that it accomplishes seemingly impossible results entirely without the use of drugs, medicines or dieting, without weights or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging or electricity or cold baths or forced deep breathing—in fact this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like and neither does it ask you



to give up anything you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you begin to feel renewed after the first five minutes.

These New Copyrighted Books Are Free

"CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION" and "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE" will show you how you can increase the pleasures of life to a maximum—how to intensify them and how to make your life more profitable, pleasurable and joyous. These essays will show you the way to the full life, the superior life, the more satisfactory life, the lively life. They will show you how to overcome the inferior life, the feeble life, the negative life, the unsatisfactory life.

"CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION" and "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE" are the A B C of Evolution and persistent youth. These books explain Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. They explain the Swoboda theory, the law and the reason for the evolution of mind and body.

They tell how the cells and their energies build the organs and the body, and how to organize the cells beyond the point where Nature left off for you, and where you, as Nature, may continue your self-evolution.

These books will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain through reading all of the books on all of the sciences and philosophies on the subject of mind and body.

Why Miss the Super-Pleasures of Life?

"CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION" and "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE," will show you how to increase your pleasures and happiness to a maximum, and how to reduce your troubles of every character, mental, physical and physiological to a minimum.

Conscious Evolution will show you how to intensify, prolong, increase and magnify your pleasures.

"CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION" and "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE" will show you that you have not as yet experienced the real and highest pleasures of life, and will show you how to attain the super-pleasures of life. In a word, these two essays will reveal the startling, educating and enlightening secret of gigantic health and mind power.

"CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION" and "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE," which Swoboda has written and copyrighted, will be sent you free of charge and free of all obligation to Swoboda, if you will write for them.

JUST WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON THE COUPON, TEAR IT OUT AND MAIL IT TO SWOBODA, OR DRAW A RING ABOUT YOUR NAME ON YOUR LETTERHEAD, OR MERELY SEND A POSTAL GIVING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. DO IT TODAY! YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO LIVE AN INFERIOR LIFE.

Address

ALOIS P. SWOBODA

2144 Berkeley Building, New York City

How the Cells Govern Life

The body is composed of billions of cells. When illness or any other unnatural condition prevails, we must look to the cells for relief. When we lack energy and power, when we are listless, when we haven't smacking, driving power back of our thoughts and actions, when we must force ourselves to meet our daily business and social obligations, when we are sick or ailing, or when, for any reason, we are not enjoying a fully healthy and happy life, it is because certain cells are weak and inactive or totally dead. And this is true of ninety people out of every hundred, even among those who think they are well, but who are in reality missing half the pleasure of living. These facts and many others were discovered by Alois P. Swoboda, and resulted in his marvelous system of cell-culture.

Re-Creating Human Beings

Swoboda has shown men and women in all parts of the world and in all walks of life how to build a keener brain, a more superb, energetic body, stronger muscle, a more vigorous heart, a healthier stomach, more active bowels, a better liver and perfect kidneys. He has times without number shown how to overcome general debility, listlessness, lack of ambition; lack of vitality—how to revitalize, regenerate and restore every part of the body to its normal state—how to recuperate the vital forces, creating a type of physical and mental super-efficiency that almost invariably results in greater material benefits than you ever before dreamed were possible to you.

Swoboda is only one perfect example of the Swoboda system. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda System of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed mind and body—in his wonderful energy—the correctness of his theories and of the success of his methods.

Swoboda numbers among his pupils judges, senators, congressmen, cabinet members, ambassadors, governors, physicians and ministers—workingmen as well as millionaires.



Please send me your free copyrighted books "Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Mail to ALOIS P. SWOBODA
2144 Berkeley Bldg.
New York City



Every Hand in the Land!

Every Hand a Saving Hand
Every Hand a Helping Hand

Lend Your Quarters to Uncle Sam

Every One of Us Must Save Here for Victory "Over There"

EVERY one must lend some money to the Government. And every one can lend some, if only a little. No matter how slim our purse or how small our earnings, each and every one of us can spare a little for our Government if we practice a little thrift.

By investing in WAR SAVINGS STAMPS the person with only a few cents to spare can do his or her share as well and as nobly as the man with a million to invest. Remember, the Government does not ask you to give your money, but to lend it at interest. You make it work not only for those "over there" but also for you here, no matter how much or little it may be.

You may purchase WAR SAVINGS THRIFT STAMPS by paying the small amount of 25 cents at a time. Sixteen Thrift Stamps plus a few cents in cash are exchangeable for a Five Dollar WAR SAVINGS STAMP.

The Five Dollar Stamps cost from \$4.14 to \$4.23 each,

according to the time purchased, and will be redeemed on January 1, 1923, at \$5 each.

The Stamps will be sold during March, 1918, at \$4.14 each, and the price will increase one cent a month during 1918.

At the average 1918 selling price, WAR SAVINGS STAMPS will yield you on the redemption date four per cent. interest compounded quarterly. In case of necessity they may be redeemed before January 1, 1923, with about three per cent. interest.

The investment is the soundest on earth. The entire wealth and security of the United States is back of them.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS are as easy to buy as postage stamps. They are sold at post offices, banks or trust companies, many railway stations, stores, factories, agencies and other public places.

LET'S ALL INVEST AND HELP—EVERY HAND IN THE LAND

National War Savings Committee, Washington



Contributed through Division of Advertising



United States Gov't. Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by
THE B. V. D. COMPANY, NEW YORK.

DREKA

1121 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA

**FOR OFFICERS IN
THE U. S. SERVICE**

VISITING CARDS

CORRECT STYLES

IN 1864

(OUR FIRST YEAR IN BUSINESS)

**WE FURNISHED
CARDS FOR "MEN
IN BLUE."**

IN 1898

**WE FURNISHED
CARDS FOR "MEN
FIGHTING SPAIN."**

1918

**WE ARE FURNISH-
ING CARDS FOR
MEN GOING "OVER
THERE."**

WYLER

661 5TH AVE.
AT 52ND ST.

★
**BUY
A
LIBERTY BOND**

*with your
discarded*
JEWELS



*We purchase
from individuals
or estates*

★

**DIAMONDS · PEARLS
EMERALDS · RUBIES
SAPPHIRES and
other precious stones**

ALSO
**GOLD · PLATINUM
and SILVERWARE**

ESTIMATES - HIGHEST PRICES
FULL INSURANCE IN OUR
POSSESSION OR IN TRANSIT
BANK REFERENCES

Vol. LXXXIII—No. 2118

June, 1918

PUCK

Copyright, 1918, by International Magazine Company

Come, Drop Us a Line!

HAVE you ever tried the experiment of writing to the Editor of your favorite paper—of course, that means Puck—and telling him frankly what you think of the features that he has collected for your entertainment? A magazine fare is a varied one, and there's a whole lot of fun often in coming right out in meeting and telling the Editor how his efforts strike your fancy. In the first place, it helps him, for there's no fun in running a feature that falls short of the reader's expectations. In the second place, it develops a critical faculty on your part that enables you to enjoy twofold the feast he has prepared.

RIGHT now, Puck occupies a field peculiarly its own. There happens to be no other periodical in America devoted to the smarter currents of the times which treats of the lighter side of our existence with the care-free abandon that characterizes Puck. If some new star has blazed a trail across the theatrical firmament, you will find her picture in Puck, photographed in one of her happiest moods. If a new story is going the rounds, you'll find it in Puck, told by some raconteur of international repute.

FOR our genial philosophy of the day we turn to K. C. B., and having mellowed the moment's mood, we are prepared to view complacently the tomfooleries of our neighbors arm in arm with B. L. T. Perhaps it is some phase of city life—Bruno Lessing extracts the fun from the situation in "Tales of the Town." Next month he gives us a peek into Little Italy, in "The Palavinci Hate," and a rattling good story it is. After all, however, are these the things you want? If they are drop the Editor a line about them; if they are not, sit down and be as emphatic as you feel. Now, who'll be the first to write?

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President
JOSEPH A. MOORE, Vice-President JULIAN M. GERARD, Treasurer
W. G. LANGDON, Secretary, 119 West 40th Street, New York
15 cents a copy \$1.50 per year
(Trade-Mark Registered in the United States and Great Britain)
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Address all Communications:

PUCK 119 WEST FORTIETH STREET NEW YORK CITY



Bridal Flowers

FOR beauty and originality in brides' and bridesmaids' bouquets, for artistic effects in church decoration or an improvised altar in your own home, consult Stumpp before you make your plans.

Open an Account With Us

Send some of your visiting cards for our files. Your orders promptly executed at short notice by 'phone, telegram or cable.

We deliver flowers any place in the United States or Europe the same day we receive your order.

G. E. M. Stumpp

New York's Favorite Flower Shop
Fifth Avenue at 58th St., New York
Telephone Plaza 8100
Cable Address—Stumppflor, New York



For the Military Wedding

—and there will be many this summer!

There is marked individuality in our

**Wedding
Invitations
Announcements
At Home Cards**

Our Special Offer

To acquaint you with our fine work we will engrave 50 calling cards in script for \$1.75. Plate registered or sent on request.

Hoskins

The National
Stationers & Engravers
907 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia
Mail orders given prompt and
careful attention



Referred to the Advocates of a German Peace

GERMANY: "Ach! Mr. Pacifist, you want to talk to our German pacifist leaders? Are you quite near enough to this one?"



What Fools These Mortals Be!

by B.L.T.

OPERATIONS on the west front, which have required the Kaiser's personal attention (amply warranted by results), have interrupted the sittings for his latest portrait, which we understand is to be hung in the Bagdad Corridor.

A CONSIDERABLE time ago an autocracy was defined (by whom we never can remember, but we think it was a friend of Emerson's) as a ship on which everybody kept dry, but which might strike a rock and go to the bottom; whereas a republic was a raft which floated, after a fashion, but everybody had wet feet. The Prussian autocracy is a remarkable boat, which is bound to go on the rocks some day; and Russia is a raft, with the water whisker high. To an observer on Mars these whiskers must resemble a Sargasso Sea.

"SCOTCH girl wants position as general."

—Vancouver paper.

Haig, mon, can ye no make room for the lass?

THE track of the solar eclipse on June 8 will traverse the South; which, in a manner of speaking, will be painting the black lily. In some sections all that will be visible, for a minute and a half, will be rows and rows of teeth.

"SECRET Radio Unearthed in New York."—Headline

Only a German would have thought of putting a radio system under ground.

A NEVADA contemporary reports that as one result of the conference at Versailles, General Issimo was not appointed. This was a keen disappointment to his friends, who expected him to conduct the operations on the Italian front. When the Germans made their winter drive it was freely stated that if General Issimo had been in command, the run on the Bank of the Piave would have been averted.

"LET us send a man to replace that broken window glass," beseeches the Albuquerque Lumber Company. Very likely they use Germans, as these are most easily seen through.

"WHEN Maud Guppy's eyes opened they were standing round her in a solemn circle."

—From a March Magazine.

That would have given us a bad turn.

A NOTHER rare old violin has been discovered. "It was made in 1626," reports an Indiana paper, "by Fecit Anno Domini." On looking up this celebrated instrument maker in Grove's Dictionary, we learn that Fecit Anno Domini was unmatched, for industry and uneven execution, by any other artist that ever wrought, with the possible exception of the painter Pinxit and the poet Ibid. Some of Pinxit's canvases are the merest daubs, and Ibid put over a lot of punk verse.

"THE submarine," relates a dispatch, "sank in a pool of oil." Hence the boast, "Britannia oils the waves."

"NEVER, in the 20 years that I have been its editor have I heard the opinion so unanimously expressed that *The Home Journal* 'is certainly on the job with the war.' And I think it is."—Mr. Bok.

This war is like the comedian's idea of married life. It hasn't been going on for 20 years. It only seems so.

"THE Pullman Company has decided to sell only one birth to one passenger hereafter."

—The Kalamazoo Gazette.

And so, quietly but steadily, the campaign for birth control goes forward.

WHEN he refers to Von Gott, the Kaiser does not trouble to uncover. But like the German that Cole-

ridge met in Frankfort, he always takes off his hat with profound respect when he ventures to speak of himself.

LAST year much time and money was wasted by people who thought that gardening was something that anybody could do. Many mistakes will be repeated this year, although the waste will not be so great. To minimize this waste, we advise the inexperienced gardener to get in touch with a nurseryman in Hillegom, Holland, whose letter at hand reads: "I have pleasure in mailing you herewith my spring catalog, which can be planted in spring and will flower all summer." That will enable you to get in some golf.

FOR several years we preserved a cutting from a Kenosha, Wis., paper which contained, we thought, more misinformation than ever before was packed in a baker's dozen of words. "She is," said the Wisconsin paper, "the antithesis of Richard Gilder Watson's 'Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.'" But we threw the clipping away when we observed on a theater bulletin board, the other day, the announcement, "The most beautiful woman since Venus."

"HE is thought to have taken a valuable shotgun and other clothing."

—Marinette, Wis., Eagle-Star.

Always we have wondered what was meant by the expression, "he covered the robber with a shotgun."

IN all their drives, notably the one against the Italians, the Germans have had the break of the weather. As the Sultan of Turkey once remarked to a war correspondent, "Luck is infatuated with the efficient."

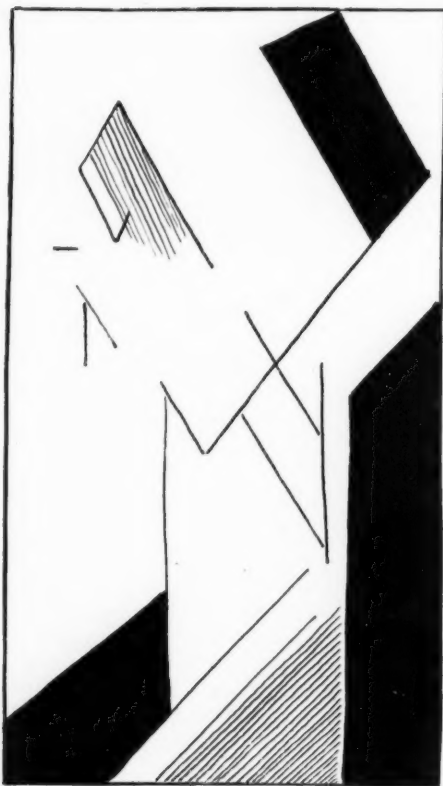
THE mule, in classic phrase, has no pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. And now that they have operated on him, for military reasons, and removed his bray, his existence must be a perfect bore.



Lots of folks in New York would thrill at the prospect of being entertained by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., yet hundreds of Jackies and their khaki-clad brothers-in-arms find it easy enough to enjoy her generous hospitality at the canteen which she has established for men in the service.

Portraits in Passing

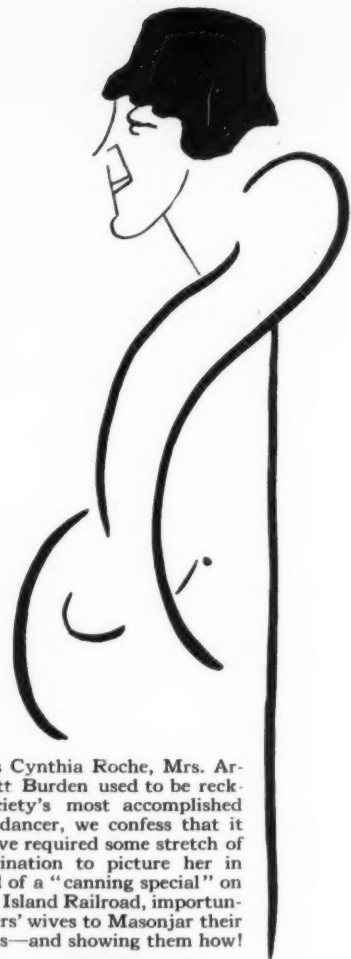
by MARIUS DE ZAYAS



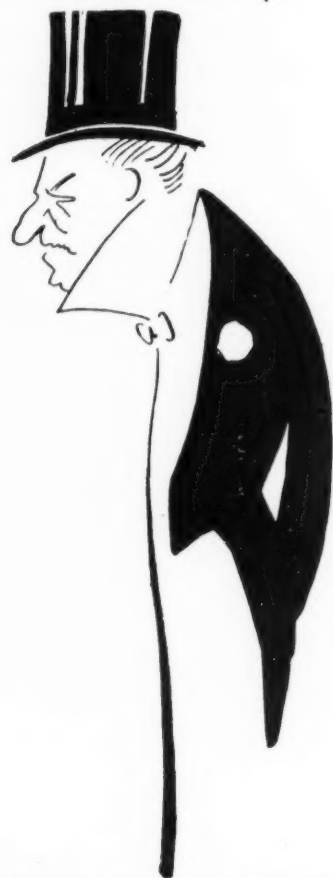
This is a cubist conception of Mrs. John Astor. For the guidance of the uninitiated, we might point out that Mrs. Astor has for years been famed on two continents for her beauty, but little things like that do not deter the really sincere modernist.



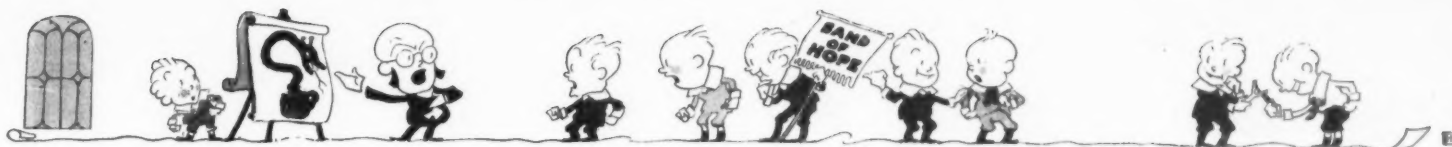
Wizardry, perhaps it is, that has turned coal into paintings, steel into tapestries, railroads into rare sculptures—for it is the combination of these great industries that has enabled Mr. Henry C. Frick to assemble in his palatial New York home one of the greatest art collections in all the world.



When, as Cynthia Roche, Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden used to be reckoned society's most accomplished amateur dancer, we confess that it would have required some stretch of the imagination to picture her in command of a "canning special" on the Long Island Railroad, importuning farmers' wives to Masonjar their vegetables—and showing them how!



"Who's Who" speaks of him as Henry Louis De Koven, but two generations of theatre-goers know him as Reginald, and as the composer of "Robin Hood," "Rob Roy" and a dozen other operettas—not to mention that perennial favorite of the love-languishing, "Oh, Promise Me."



On the Other Hand

by K. C. B.

DEAR EDITOR.
MAYBE YOU can do it.
BUT I can't.
BECAUSE I'M an Episcopalian.
AND IN my youth.
I WAS a regular member.
OF THE BAND of Hope.
AND I CAN prove it.
BY Stephen Leacock.
BECAUSE he knows.
AND HE'S seen the church.
AND BEEN in it.
AND YOU can ask him.
AND FRIDAY nights.
I USED to swear.
THAT I'D never lie.
OR USE tobacco.
OR STRONG drink.
AND IF I had to do it.
ALL OVER again.
I'D ADD a line.
ABOUT murder.
BECAUSE it seems.



THAT IT should have been fixed.
SO THERE was one.
THAT WE could have kept.
BUT I'M wandering.
AND ISN'T it funny.
HOW YOU'LL get started.
WRITING this stuff.
AND THINK of things.
AND KEEP putting them down.
WHEN ALL the time.
YOU REALLY started.
WITH A serious thought.
AND A real message.
YOU KNOW what I mean.
AND MR. Editor.
YOU KNOW me.
AND YOU know what I look like.
AND CAN'T you see me.
SITTING down here.
AT MY typewriter.
WITH A subject.
THAT CARRIES a punch.
AND A BRAIN so active.

THAT WHEN the time arrives.
TO PUT it down.
I'VE past it.
AND AM surging on.
INTO OTHER channels.
IF YOU GET what I mean.
AND you do.
I KNOW you do.
YOU COULDN'T be an editor.
IF YOU didn't.
AND JUST yesterday.
IN A hotel.



I WAS sitting there.
AND I looked over.
AND ON a chair.
THERE WAS a copy of PUCK.
TURNED to my page.
AND I reached for it.
AND IT stuck to the chair.
AND WHOEVER it was.
WHO'D BEEN sitting on it.
HE WAS a large man.
BECAUSE IT was embossed.
IN THE same pattern.
AS THE SEAT of the chair.



AND FOR a moment.
I WAS ABOUT to be angry.
BUT I recalled.
WHAT MY father had told me.
AS I LOOKED into his glasses.
WHEN I left home.
HE HAD said.
"WHATEVER YOU do, son.
"DON'T BECOME an actor."
AND YOU know.
THAT IT would have been foolish.
FOR ME to pretend.

THAT I was angry.
WHEN already.
YOU'D PAID me for that page.
AND besides.
IT WAS someone else's PUCK.
AND HE owned it.
AND I'M back again.
TO WHERE I was.
WHEN I sat down.
TO WRITE this.
AND I wanted to tell you.
THAT MAYBE you can do it.
BUT I can't.
I'VE GOT to be honest.
AND I WANT all the readers.
TO know.
THAT WHERE I am now.
THERE'S snow.
AND I'M writing this.
FOR THE June number.
AND IT'S weeks away.
AND MY feet are cold.
AND WHEN I write.



I MUST have atmosphere.
AND I must feel it.
AND IF I wrote.
THE WAY I feel now.
YOU COULDN'T use it.
IN THE June number.
AND THAT'S why.
I'VE BEEN wandering around.
AND TRYING to fool you.
AND FILL my space.
I MUST be honest.
AND I NEED the money.
FOR MY income tax.
AND IT'S due in June.
AND I must pay it.
BECAUSE I'm a patriot.
AND THEY have my name.
AND HOW much I get.
THEY'RE A wise bunch.
I CAN TELL you that.
BECAUSE last year.
I WAITED them out.
AND PAID a fine.



Marjorie Mobilizes

Verses by
K. M. GOODE

Drawings by
GUSTAV MICHELSON



With the thisless that and the thatless this,
Life's far from being nice;
There's nothing now I really miss,
Except the lessless price.

Office work I thought I'd try,
But Departments disagreed;
It almost makes a person cry—
The help those poor men need!



Our Red Cross men show splendid skill
Attending on the fray;
They rushed to my aid at bayonet drill—
And they did not rush away.



GUSTAV MICHELSON



No book, nor jug, nor leafy bough
No mirror or mirage;
No man, no tree, is trusty now
These days of camouflage.



To save the awful wear on wires,
Now I am left alone,
I talk to the different camps for hours,
With a wireless of my own.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

“Back Again!”

It has been a long time since Broadway has seen Lew Fields push Joe Weber's derby down over his eyes, and the two comedians showed their managerial foresight by heading the cast of "Back Again" with Miss Rubye De Renner.



I Dine With "Daisy"

by ALAN DALE

THIS is going to be something awfully original—I warn you. Figure to yourself a chat, without any stage setting whatsoever, actually occurring in a public restaurant, during dinner! Imagine a conversation punctuated with such little pleasantries as "Will you kindly pass me the salt?" and intimate interrogations broken up by others like "Do you take Worcestershire?" Then think of the waiter butting in—exactly where the usual stage mommer goes out, and ponder over the notion of awkward pauses being mitigated by reflecting upon the quality of the food.

Oh, it wasn't my idea. It was Grace Valentine's. I modestly suggested her dressing room at the Morosco Theatre, but she was not impressed. She said she talked so much better over food, if I didn't mind. Of course, one really has to dine. It is one of the conventions. Therefore why not kill two birds with one stone (rather an ungallant way of putting it), and enjoy an interview-dinner? Some people don't like to see pretty girls eating. They say it spoils the illusion. I don't agree with them at all. I think that pretty girls eat charmingly, as a rule—also quite silently. Of course it would be a dreadful thing to let soup drown the conversation—the noiseless soup-spoon would be a boon—but one never anticipates catastrophes like that.

I found myself sitting opposite a most ingenious little lady—"Lombardi, Ltd." to the contrary. Miss Valentine might have been some unobtrusive school girl, taking a short holiday in New York, and perhaps indulging in a surreptitious dinner after a matinee. I may have looked a bit old for the part, but—girls will be girls!

She wore a simple gown, with a white lace *fichu* (I won't swear that it was a *fichu*, because I am not *quite* sure what a *fichu* is). It was a dark dress and perfectly inconspicuous, and un-actress-y. Grace Valentine was devoid of make-up, and apparently interested in the preparations for dinner. It really did seem rather absurd to think that this was an interview, and the oddest feature of it all was that—I was hungry! I wish I hadn't been, but I was.

They brought on the oysters, and for a moment we both forgot each other. Miss Valentine tabascoed hers carefully, and as I squeezed lemon over mine, I pondered over the opening of the interview. If the worst came to the worst we could discuss oysters. Dinner robbed me of all my self-consciousness, and was most gratifying. With an oyster poised upon a fork, I surveyed Grace Valentine, and plunged *in media res*, as it were.

"I have never seen anybody look more like the typical *ingenue* than you do,"

"I may be cursed with a face that suggests the *ingenue*, but don't call me one."

I said naively, and I thought it was a compliment, don't you know.

Miss Valentine glanced at me seriously, and then remarked in the archestly girlish tones: "I may be cursed with a face that suggests the *ingenue*, but don't call me one. Ingenues make me think of tea, and fish and toast, and—everything I despise. I hate ingenues, and yet you say I look like one."

This was a bit unpromising, but, thank goodness, the boon of the dinner was at once useful. "I'll have some horse-radish," I said, to change the mood—and lo! it was changed.

"The part I loved better than any I have ever played," said Miss Valentine smiling at my discomfiture, "was the colored maid in 'The Easiest Way' which I played in stock on the Coast. That pleased me. It was such fun. I went all over Los Angeles looking for the appropriate clothes, and the whole thing was delightful. I love character parts, because in addition to having been cursed with an ingenue face, I have also been cursed with a sense of humor, and character appeals to me. I'm one of those who never want to star."

I choked. A piece of roll went down the "wrong way." I had taken ONE cocktail—yes, I admit it—but—had I heard correctly?

Miss Valentine, perfectly serene and composed, went on: "I always find that it is better to play a character part that the audience remembers than a star part that it doesn't remember. I carry away from the theatre with me ideas concerning some character rôle that has either made me laugh, or has given me food for reflection. Those are the rôles I adore—and I know. I may look like an ingenue, but I've played every sort of part you can possibly think of. You see, I was graduated from stock."



"I always find it better to play a character part that the audience remembers than a star part that it doesn't remember."

That's a theatrical expression, you know. "Graduated from stock" means disciplined by a company that has a repertoire. Forgive the explanation.

"Oh, yes," went on Miss Valentine, indicating to the waiter that

he could remove the oyster shells. "I think it is dreadful in New York. Once you make a hit in a certain part, and you are damned to play that one part forever. Managers do not credit you with any other possibilities. It is terrifying. Of course actors like Lionel Barrymore and Ethel Barrymore can do what (Continued on page 26)



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Photos by

Although she isn't one of them, Miss Dorothy's last name is Londoner, and the only night raid she has witnessed was the charge of the Tired Business Man's Brigade—



Photo by

It is rumored—the enthusiastic camera man is our authority—that the rose held by Miss Alice Wagner, of the Midnight Frolic, wilted from sheer futility an instant after the bulb was pressed.

No, Puck has not admitted mere man into its picture gallery. This happens to be Miss Kitty Doner, of the Winter Garden, and she is throwing a shadow of a savage lobster-hound on the wall to frighten off some Johnnies dressed just as she is.



Photo by

De Strelecki

I admitted
picture gal-
lons to be Miss
of the Winter
she is throwing a
a savage lobster-
the wall to frighten
the Johnnies dressed
she is.



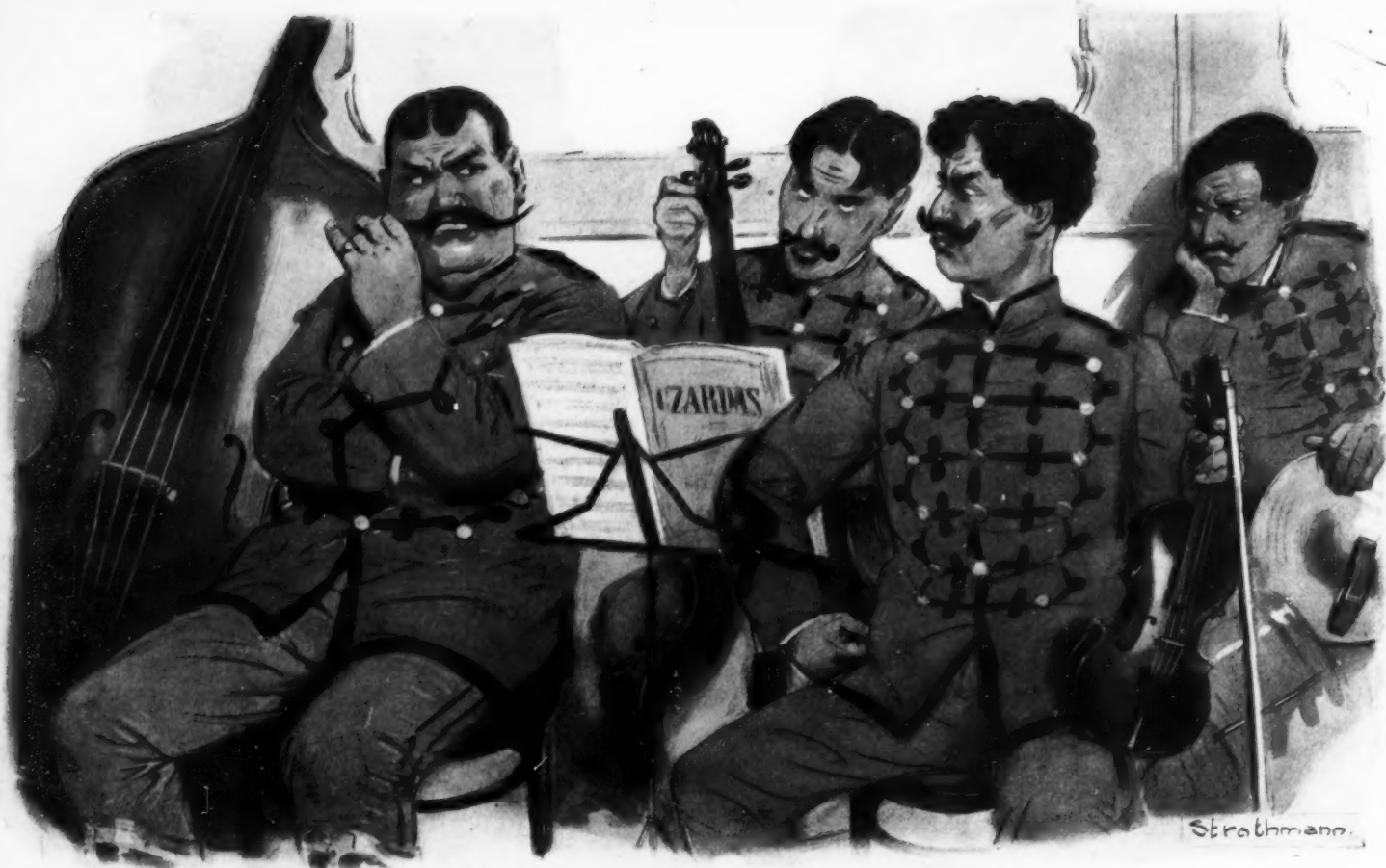
Campbell Studio

—upon Weber and Fields's
"Back Again," where her ef-
forts at entertaining the afore-
said T. B. M. are daintily sec-
onded by Miss Marie Lasher.

"See You Later?" Of course,
Miss Zitelka Dolores doesn't
expect us to take the title of her
show literally, although—well,
never mind about that.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



"Between selections they sat and glared at one another, with rage and jealousy in their hearts."

Tales of the Town

III. Mitzi

by BRUNO LESSING

ONE day, about three centuries ago, Francis the First, King of France, being unable to sleep, drew a diamond ring from his finger and scratched upon a window pane of Chambord Castle, these historic lines:

*"Souvent femme varie
"Bien fol est qui s'y fie."*

Roughly translated, the idea is that woman is often fickle and that no man in his senses would ever dream of depending upon her. One wonders what made Francis so pessimistic. One also has one's private opinion of a man who would wear a diamond ring. But one instinctively takes one's hat off to Francis. Considering that he lived so long ago and enjoyed none of the benefits of modern improvements and could not have known woman in her emancipated state, he must, nevertheless, have had a liberal education.

This is a collection of data concerning Mitzi who came from Vienna. Before one embarks upon a description of Mitzi there are certain limitations that must be made clear in order that there may be no disappointment. Among these are: Mitzi did not know the difference between Francis the First and William Jennings Bryan. She could never have told you whether Chambord Castle was in China or in Oklahoma. She would probably have guessed Chicago because she had a cousin there. Aside from all that, however, Mitzi was a very

charming person. She had the most goldenest golden hair you ever beheld. She had big, blue eyes. Her skin was snowy white. Her figure was to be plump, but that is entirely a matter of taste. The chaps that prefer the plump and those that prefer the slender have been discussing the matter for countless centuries without coming to an agreement. Mitzi ate a great many meals during the day and was always good-natured.

The little coffee-house of Natzi's on Houston Street was the most delightful and charming resort of its kind in the city. Natzi, the proprietor, Tony, the lank and doleful-looking head-waiter, his three underlings and the gypsy band worked together in a state of ideal harmony and amity. If you have ever had experience with a gypsy band you might doubt this assertion, but it is, nevertheless, true. A band of gypsy musicians is about as stubborn, recalcitrant and undependable as a group of human beings as can be brought together. Added to the ordinary lack of stability of the gypsy nature they have the artistic temperament, inordinate vanity and the most unscrupulous audacity. There are probably exceptions, but nobody has made a record of them.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, it was a rather happy family that controlled the destiny of Natzi's coffee-house—for the benefit of the Bohemian public—until Mitzi came upon the

scene. Muji Halik was the leader of the little orchestra. His leadership consisted solely in his privilege of standing at the front of the platform and smiling at the pretty women who happened to be within his range of vision. Outside of that prerogative the members of the orchestra were upon a plane of absolute equality in everything, from the selection of the melodies which they played to the division of the lump sum that was paid to them at the end of each week. Fredi, who played the cymbal, and Gorga, the huge bass violinist, were the bosom friends of their leader. The three lived together, shared one another's cigarettes and knew one another's secrets. That, however, was all before Mitzi arrived.

Mitzi arrived in the afternoon and asked Natzi, the proprietor, whether he needed a cashier. Natzi gazed at the sallow-faced youth who stood behind the counter and then at Mitzi's pleasing figure and he smiled.

"Sure I do," he said. He wondered why he had never thought of it before. The sallow-faced youth was transferred to the kitchen and Mitzi was installed behind the counter. Somehow or other the whole place immediately looked brighter. Tony, the head-waiter, was the only one who seemed to disapprove of the change. Tony was somewhat of a woman-hater and such people rarely approve of anything. (Continued on page 30)

Have You a Little Kalogram of Your Own?

by JULIE BROWN

One needs but a glance
to identify this as Miss
Bessie McCoy

Even the letters of
Dolorettes' name
have a step of
their own.



Poor Fred Stone
might have been
without skates had
his name ended
with any other let-
ter than "E."

And who on
earth could
this be but
Miss Nora
Bayes?

The Dolly Sisters

After all, a kalogram is nothing but a very clever caricature formed of the
letters of one's name—but it takes some designing to get a picture from
R-o-s-z-i-k-a and Y-a-n-c-s-i, now, doesn't it?



"The Best Picture I've Ever Had Taken"

—Helen Moller

*Miss Moller dances divinely, whether by the sad sea waves
or in her own Temple of Terpsichore, where the old Greek
art finds its most sympathetic interpretation*

Conserving Our Man-Power

by BARKSDALE ROGERS

NEAR-SIGHTED
MAMA: "Fancy that
young man shirking
his duty, with so few
dancing men in town!"



"Here, sir, do your
duty!"



"Well, I've gotten one
slacker in service, and
he seems to be doing
pretty well."



GUEST: "Waiter!"
THE SLACKER:
"Yes, sir, coming, sir!"

Barksdale Rogers



Keep Young!

REMEMBER the race is not
to the swift, but to the
youthful.

And you can't tell age by the calendar
— for a man is as old as his hair is thin.

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youth. Keep your freedom. Keep
your hair.

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"Here, you! Git off o' my land."

"My God! If there's a short cut, show it to me now."

Nonsense, Preferred

A Young Theologian

THE teacher of a certain Sunday
school class put this question to
one of her boy pupils:

"And how did Noah spend his time
in the ark?"

"Fishin'," said the boy, promptly.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher,
with a smile, "that certainly sounds
like a reasonable suggestion."

"But," added the lad, guardedly,
"he couldn't catch much."

"What makes you think that?"
went on the teacher.

"Because," said the boy, know-
ingly, "he had only two worms."

A Bachelor's Revery

SOMEWHERE a light is shining
But not for me;

Somewhere a girl is pining
But not for me.

Somewhere a lovely damozel
Sits fuming like a ten-inch shell;
She's waiting to raise merryhell

BUT NOT WITH ME!

Already Spoken For

A FEW Sundays ago, in one of the
largest and most beautiful of our
churches the pastor, as usual, stood
near the door after the sermon, to
greet strangers as they passed out of
the church. As a plump, red-faced
young Swede, evidently a brand-new
arrival, advanced, he reached out his
hand courteously and said, with a
pastoral call or a visit by a deaconess
in view:

"I am glad to see you. What is
your name, please, and where do you
live?"

After a moment of embarrassed but
flattered silence, the Scandinavian
damsel, her face even a deeper cherry
color than before, replied:

"Oh! I bane have a steady now,

The Sins of the Fathers

THERE is a crime not on the books
That's practiced every day
By parents all about us in

A most disgraceful way.

'Tis when they stand before the font
And ruthless, without shame,
Make answer to the Church's com-
mand

To "give this child a name."

Mama is a romantic soul;
She's read her novel twice—
A tale of passion, of true love,
And noble sacrifice.

Thus as the day for christening
Her latest-born draws near,
No name will do for baby but
"Viola Guinevere."

The humorist is common, too,
Who thinks it's just immense
To cultivate his humor at
His son's lifelong expense.

No punishment is adequate
For him, no pain too keen:
He named the poor boy "Paris,"
When his own last name was Green.

And there is yet another class
Of parents, kind and true,
Who never know the torture that
They make the kid go through.
Of course they found it in The Book,
But how his schoolmates grin,
Whenever teacher calls the name
Of "Hezekiah" Quinn.

To wish "Jerusha" on a child
You must admit is rank
Just 'cause old Aunt Jerusha
Has a balance in the bank.
But what a glorious pride is his,
In travels up and down,
That youth, who modest starts the
world,

As "Woodrow Wilson" Brown.

—Herman Ellis Nichols.

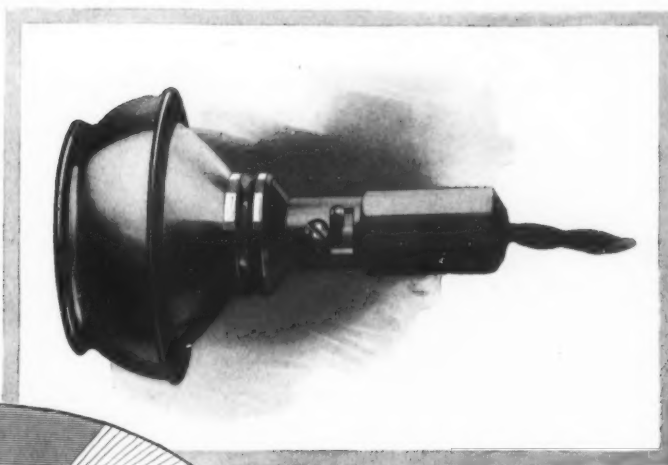
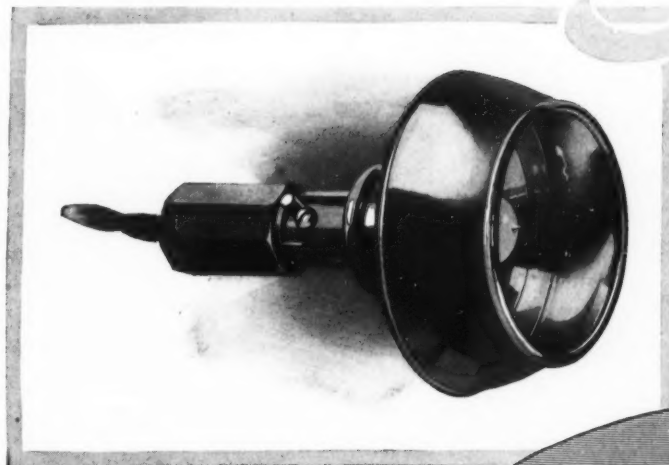
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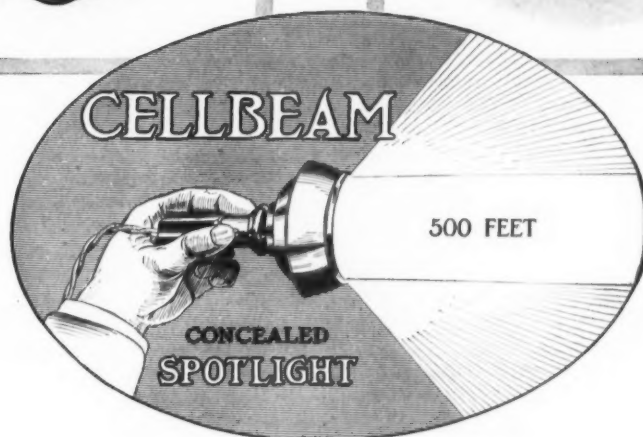
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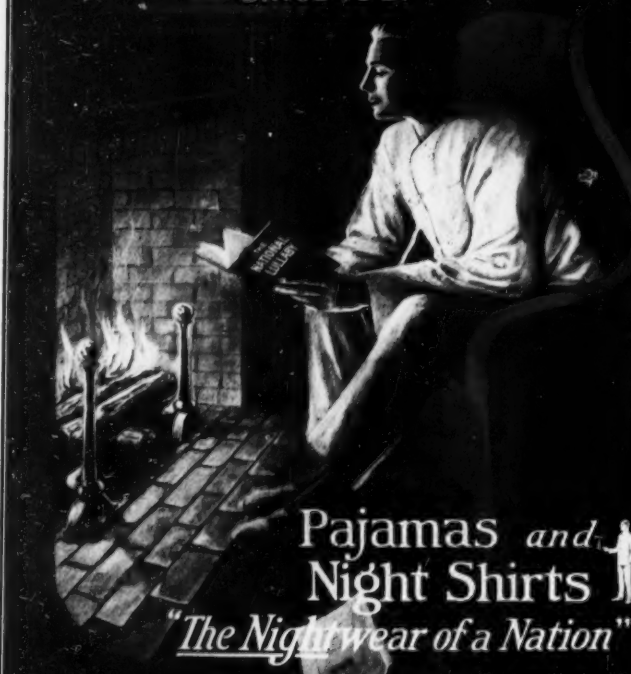
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I Dine With "Daisy"

(Continued from page 17)

they like. If they hanker for comedy, they can play it; if they prefer the emotional, it is theirs. They have the divine right of selection, and of course they can prove their worth. Others however, are condemned to one line—and it is a great pity."

Miss Valentine didn't look one bit cast down. Of course I wouldn't say "ingenue" again—not for a gold clock—but she did suggest it, as she sprinkled grated cheese in her *soupe a l'oignon*.

"I've supported myself since I was fifteen years old," she remarked, "and I at least have experience. I have played vaudeville in addition to my stock work. I was even a pianist. And I'd like to tell you one thing, and it is that I have never had any 'influence' or 'pull' and have got where I am today through hard work. There now."

For a moment I sipped my soup in eloquent silence. I thought of the dear old topic known as "the temptations of the stage" but really I hated to broach it to Miss Valentine. It seemed so indelicate. Possibly she may have read my thoughts.

"I have done everything alone," she said quickly. "I couldn't have endured to hear anybody say: 'So-and-So gave her the part.' That is so horrible."

And that topic was disposed of quickly. I hate it, but I realize that it is often inevitable, and one can't get away from it.

"I told you I never have yearned to star," she continued, "and it is true. I think the star system a mistake. It is bad business for the actor, and bad business for the manager, and bad business for the public. The stock companies make the actors, and by watching them, managers can get the very finest talent. The absurd idea of importing talent makes me laugh. It can all be recruited here. Why bring over from England a lot of women with adenoids and huge feet, and set them before us as models. Isn't it silly? I don't like adenoids and large feet."

I couldn't help laughing. Miss Valentine was so delightfully serious. She hadn't the least idea that she was funny, and she never smiled.

"Another thing I am cursed with," continued Miss Valentine, who was now toying with a bird that lay songless in mushrooms, "is the propensity to say exactly what I think. I suppose that is bad, but I enjoy it, and must do it. I don't believe in subterfuges, and I like to call a spade a spade. Do you mind that?"

As a matter of fact, I love it. It is my own pastime. Certainly I realized that Grace Valentine hadn't the least use for posing, and that she was as natural as new-mown hay—and I don't know how natural that is.

"What I adore is good acting," she said. "That is what I go to the

theatre to see. I am not particularly interested in popular stars. I watch the smaller parts and—as I said—the character rôles. That is my joy. Do you know that I never saw Sarah Bernhardt until this season—that I never was lucky enough to watch her work when she was at her best. I never saw her when she had—two legs."

"Were you able to justify our enthusiasm for Sarah as the greatest?" I asked.

"I surely was," replied Miss Valentine. "I'd sooner see her with one leg than a lot of other people with three apiece. Of course, much of her ardor was dampened—I could detect that—but I loved her arms and her hands. I was enthusiastic about them. I thought them the most wonderful things I had ever seen. I found myself not listening so much to her voice, as studying her use of those marvelous hands and arms."

I thought that rather unusual, but I realized that Miss Valentine had spotted Sarah's most salient feature. I've often thought that I'd like to devote a page to the analysis of Sarah's extraordinarily fascinating arms and hands, and the part they played in her interpretation of character. So there was a bond between Miss Valentine and myself.

"You've never been in musical comedy?" I queried, and then I was instantly vexed with myself for the question. Miss Valentine paused in the act of conveying some ice cream to her mouth, and looked aghast.

"Never!" she cried. "Oh, never! Musical comedy ladies disturb me very considerably. I cannot understand them. Nor can I understand musical comedy. I can't see the slightest reason for it. I think I should like it if it were a question of music, but it isn't. The quality of the music doesn't matter in the least. Oh, no, I'm not interested in that form of stage entertainment."

"I think pictures much worse," I said suddenly, "and you have been in pictures."

"I have been in pictures," she assented. "In fact I have just finished one. They are really very hard work, but one is at least paid for it. You know one cannot criticize harshly what is so liberally remunerated. Even if one could, it would be most unwise, don't you think! I have never thought much about pictures. As a matter of fact, they haven't given me the time to think. I have just appeared in 'The Unchastened Woman' and what with that all day, and 'Lombardi' at night, I've been a pretty busy girl. I have been accustomed to leave home at seven in the morning, make the picture all day, and then play in 'Lombardi' at night. That is some work, you know. Later on I may get my bearings on the sub- (Continued on page 29)

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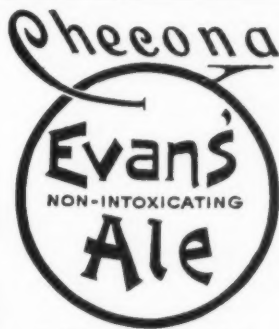
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SERGEANT: I hear you are an expert horseman?
 PRIVATE: Well, I owned a racing stable before I enlisted.
 SERGEANT: You're just the man I'm looking for;
 go over and shoo the flies away from the Major's horse!

Bolsheviki for the Home

MAGISTRATE: Prisoner, the evidence shows that, after being a model husband for twenty years, you threw your wife out of the house and ran amuck, attempting to murder everybody you met.

DEFENDANT (sheepishly): It was only a peaceful revolution, at the start. Your Honor, but after I had overthrown the autocracy, I lost my head.

'Twas Ever Thus

THEY say the honeymoon is over when wife asks husband for money.

We shouldn't put it in just that way. We should say the honeymoon is at an end when the husband forgets to ask wife how much cash he can have the pleasure of giving her.

Speaking of non-essential industries, who is it decides the number of teeth there should be in a comb?

"Russian soldiers readily exchange a machine gun for a pack of cards." At that, there's more danger in the cards.

Mr. Hoover asks us to eat lots more spuds. To become potato bugs, as it were.

Obliging the Tailor

A LONG-SUFFERING tailor over in Philadelphia recently addressed one of his patrons as follows:

"DEAR SIR: Will you kindly send me the amount of your bill and oblige?"

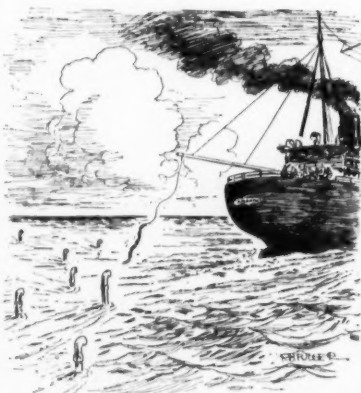
To which the obliging delinquent replied: "The amount is \$110.50."

THE GIRL: Did you observe the lovely palms in the cafe?

THE MAN: The only palms I saw were the waiter's.

REPAIR MAN (entering business office): Does your typewriter need repairs?

HEAD CLERK: It would seem so; she has just gone across the street to consult a dentist.



Why not use a little bait to bring the U-boats to the surface?



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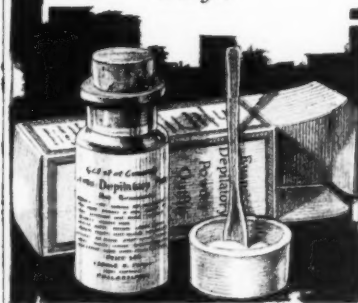
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Evans's Depilatory Outfit



Efforts are being made to popularize fish. Here are a few suggestions:

A flounder which, before cooking, could be used as a phonograph record.

A watch-dog-fish.

A whale which would spout in the garden fountain until needed for chowder.

A chocolate-flavored jelly-fish.



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Knitting a Sweater for the Shorn Lamb.

"To Be, or Not"

Too Late!

"GADZOOKS, I am thankful!" said the ghost of Shakespeare. "Why the great joy, William?" inquired the shades of Bacon and Johnson in chorus.

"Because, me lords, I see by this Western paper that the latest cyclone destroyed several Hamlets!"

Jones was telling a friend about a quarrel between two stubborn men, which he illustrated by saying:

"And you know what happens when Greek meets Greek."

"Yes," replied his friend, "most likely they open a confectionery store."

RASTUS was in the toils again for chicken stealing, and this time the efforts of his lawyer were unavailing.

"Have you any thing to offer the Court before sentence is passed?" asked the Judge.

"No, sah, yer Honor," said Rastus, "ah had five dollars, but mah lawyer dun tuk it!"

FIRST STENOGRAPHER: Isn't it terrible the way we have to work these days?

SECOND STENOGRAPHER: I should say it is. Why, I took so many letters yesterday that I finished my prayers last night with "very truly yours."

I Dine With "Daisy"

(Continued from page 26)

ject of pictures, but at present, I do not quite realize what they are, except that they swell my bank roll. One has to think of that, you know."

I rather admired Miss Valentine's frankness; also her unreadiness to say the unusual unkind things about a most profitable "pastime." Even if she was camouflaging, it was clever of her. Oh, Grace Valentine is a clever girl. There's no doubt about that—as clever off the stage as on it, which is saying a good deal.

"I'm writing a play," she declared, as the coffee was served, and the time for her departure in the direction of the Morosco Theatre approached. "It is laid in the good old times—forty years ago, and I've got to study the period."

I gasped. Study the period—and the period only forty years ago.

"Oh," I said confusedly, "I can remember forty years ago. I had my full memory forty years ago. I can

tell you all about it. How frightfully young you are."

"I'm sorry," she quietly suggested. "Of course, forty years ago doesn't make one so dreadfully old. I was forgetting."

The inconsequence of youth! However, I was amused. It is nice for an actress to be young, but it is a crime for a critic. The critic should be as old as Methuselah—and even that is a trifle too young.

"Let me help you with your atmosphere," I persisted. "I can tell you exactly what clothes they wore forty years ago, how they spoke, and what they looked like."

"I don't believe you could," she said—and I appreciated her good intentions. Then I conducted her to the theatre, saw her disappear at the stage door, and went to digest my dinner at some other house, where I found nobody nearly as breezy and invigorating as little Miss Grace Valentine, who won't be an ingenue!

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THE AMERICAN ACE**

Maxine Elliott's 39th, nr. B'way. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30.

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ARLY Paris



"Tony was somewhat of a woman hater"

Tales of the Town—III. Mitzi

(Continued from page 20)

That night Muji Halik played divinely for Mitzi's benefit and kept gazing soulfully into her eyes while he played. At times Mitzi became somewhat confused in making change for the waiters, but Muji's homage soothed her soul. When he had finished his first selection Muji left the platform and strolled to Mitzi's counter where he assumed a graceful position and began to talk to her.

"You are the most beautiful person I have ever seen," he began in quite a matter-of-fact tone.

"Oh, la, la!" exclaimed Mitzi. Once Mitzi worked in a family where there was a French maid who always used that expression. It appealed to Mitzi so much that she adopted it. It is hardly necessary to go into further details of description of the young woman.

"Will you come to the theatre with me to-morrow afternoon?" asked Muji.

"I never was introduced to you," said Mitzi. Muji bowed gravely, beckoned to Natzi and asked to be formally presented to the new cashier. Then Mitzi agreed to accompany him to the theatre. When Muji returned to the platform he found his two

friends in earnest, whispered consultation. It was Fredi, the cymbalist, who laid the matter before Muji.

"We never had any agreement," explained Fredi, "about leaving the platform between selections. If you leave it, we will leave it, too."

Muji shrugged his shoulders. The matter did not interest him. After the next selection he suddenly realized that it was a rather important matter. When he started toward Mitzi's counter he found that Fredi and Gorga were following him.

"Introduce us to the lady," said Fredi. Muji, scowling, presented his friends.

"What would you like us to play next?" asked Fredi. Mitzi's eyes sparkled.

"Could you play, 'Love Me and the World is Mine?'" she asked.

"Surely," said Fredi. "Would you like to go to the theatre with me to-morrow afternoon?"

"The other gentleman asked me first," said Mitzi. "I could go the next day."

"And the day after that," said the ponderous Gorga, tugging at his long mustache, "maybe you could come with me?" Mitzi was quite willing.

When the three musicians had withdrawn, Tony, the head-waiter, approached Mitzi's counter.

"Look here, young lady," he said. "if you don't pay more attention to the cash business and stop fooling with them gypsies you'll soon get fired."

"I should worry," said Mitzi, tossing her golden head. That night the three musicians held a peace conference. It was decided that each night in turn one of them should have the privilege of leaving the platform while the others remained at their posts. Inasmuch as Muji had spent most of the evening at Mitzi's counter it was decided that Fredi should have his turn upon the following night. The first selection, the next evening, was not played especially well. Fredi, the cymbalist, galloped through his part so rapidly that the others had difficulty in keeping time with him. Fredi lost no time in joining the cashier.

"Did you enjoy the theatre this afternoon?" he asked.

"I didn't go," said Mitzi. Fredi gazed at her in astonishment. Muji had been gone all afternoon but had said nothing of what he had been doing.

(Continued on page 31)

PUCK

Tales of the Town—III. Mitzi

(Continued from page 30)

"I changed my mind," said Mitzi, in explanation. "I went to the dress-maker's."

"But you'll come with me to-morrow, won't you?" asked Fredi.

"Oh, la, la!" said Mitzi. "I thought I was going with the other fellow." She pointed to Gorga, whose eyes were devouring her from the platform.

"No, his turn is the day after," replied Fredi. "I hope you won't disappoint me."

"Supposing it rains," vouchsafed Mitzi.

"It won't," Fredi assured her. "If it does I'll get a carriage."

"All right," said Mitzi. "I'll go."

The next afternoon Fredi waited upon a street corner nearly two hours before he became convinced that the cashier had changed her mind. In the evening he gazed at her reproachfully from the platform. It was Gorga's turn to wander about the room during intermissions and Fredi was compelled to gnash his teeth at a distance from the cashier's counter. Gorga handed a little package to Mitzi.

"It's for you," he said. "It shows how much I love you." It contained a golden locket. Mitzi was delighted with the gift and pressed the bass fiddler's hand with the utmost tenderness.

"You are coming with me to theatre to-morrow?" he asked.

"I certainly will," replied Mitzi. Gorga was really the most favored of the three, for, the next day, after he had been waiting only fifteen minutes, a small boy brought him a note from Mitzi announcing that she had changed her mind. She had decided that it wasn't proper to go to the theatre with a gentleman after such a short acquaintance.

To all outward appearances things went on as usual in Natzi's coffee-house, but the inner spirit of amity had fled. Mitzi had become very popular with the guests and there was nearly always a group of customers standing at her counter, obstructing the waiters' passage and exchanging badinage with the blond cashier. The musicians no longer left the platform to chat with her. Between selections they sat glaring at one another, with rage and jealousy in their hearts. Tony, the gloomy head-waiter, was gloomier than ever. He openly avowed his hatred of Mitzi and declared that she would surely ruin the place.

One morning Muji called upon Mitzi at her home.

"I have decided to marry you," he said. "I have money in the bank and you will have everything you want. Are you willing?"

"I don't know," replied Mitzi. "I never thought of it."

"There is no hurry," said Muji. "You can think it over for a day or two and then let me know. I will give you a diamond ring when we are

engaged. In the mean time, I have been speaking with Shulman, who has a bigger coffee-house than Natzi. He would like us all to go over to his place, if you will come along. We will all get more wages. Would you like to come?"

"Sure I would," said Mitzi. "I ought to get more money, anyway."

That evening Muji unfolded the scheme to his fellow musicians and they all approved of it. They approached Natzi in a body and informed him of their intention to leave.

"That's a mean trick to play on me," said Natzi. "I always treated you all right. I'll give you more wages if you like."

"We cannot change our minds," said Muji. "Mitzi is coming with us." Natzi turned to his cashier in astonishment.

"Do you mean to say you're going to leave me and go with this crowd of gypsy loafers?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Mitzi. "You always treated me right. Maybe I won't go. I don't think I will."

Natzi turned triumphantly to the musicians.

"You fellows just clear out if you like," said he. "I can easily get another band."

"We have changed our minds," said Gorga. "We will stay."

It was a few days afterward that Gorga, perspiring profusely, entered the room of Fredi, the cymbalist, in their boarding-house.

"I got something to tell you," he said. "Muji has been calling on her at her home."

"I know it," said Fredi. "She told me so, herself." Gorga peered at his friend through narrowed eyelids but his face remained impassive.

"I'll tell you what you don't know, though," Gorga went on. "They went out to lunch together yesterday. A waiter in Shulman's saw them."

Fredi frowned. As a matter of fact he had asked Mitzi to lunch with him and she had refused.

"I got a good idea," said Gorga. "Did you know that Muji's wife came over from Hungary last week?"

"No," replied Fredi. "Does he know it?"

"I don't think so," said Gorga. "I know where she is living. She spends all her time looking for him. You know he married her under another name." The two looked at each other. Then Fredi smiled.

"Your idea is, I suppose," said he, "to bring her to Natzi's some night?"

"Certainly. And introduce her to Mitzi."

There are, in life, scenes of cruelty that had best be left undescribed. The encounter between Muji Halik and his wife was one of them. Not that there was any outward disorder. They both behaved beautifully. Only, when Fredi introduced the lady to Mitzi, the former said,

"It's a (Continued on page 32)"



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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Tales of the Town—III. Mitzi

(Continued from page 31)

terribly long time since I saw my husband. I'm so glad to be with him again!" Muji even smiled. In the proper frame of mind a man can commit murder with a smile upon his lips. Mitzi seemed to have forgotten that Muji had proposed to her. She seemed genuinely glad that husband and wife had found each other again. But she promised Fredi to take luncheon with him on the following day and kept her promise.

"I am dying for love of you," said Fredi.

"Oh, la, la!" said Mitzi.

"Will you marry me? I make a good living and we can have a house in the country."

"I don't like the country," said Mitzi.

"Neither do I," replied Fredi. "We'll live in the city. When shall we get married?"

"I don't know," said Mitzi. "I got to think about it. That Mister Gorga is a nice man, ain't he?" Fredi smiled.

"If you knew what I know about him you'd wonder how he ever kept out of jail," he replied. When Mitzi returned home she found Gorga waiting for her.

"I just heard you were out with Fredi," he explained, "and I thought it was my duty to warn you. You know how much I love you. If I didn't, wild horses couldn't make me tell what I'm now going to tell you. Fredi

not only has a wife in Hungary but he was married in Chicago, too. Besides, he was in jail in Russia, once, for stealing."

"Isn't that dreadful!" said Mitzi. "He's such a nice man, too."

"I'm just a plain, rough diamond," explained Gorga, "but you can trust me." It was rather unfortunate that Fredi happened to be passing the house just as Gorga came out. They went to Shulman's and had a drink together. They discussed everything under the sun except Mitzi. But when Mitzi reached her counter that evening she found a note from Fredi awaiting her.

"I don't know what Gorga told

you about me," it ran, "but whatever it was, it was a pack of lies. All I need to tell you about him is that he stole a hundred dollars from me. I have his confession signed by him and you can see it whenever you like. He only paid me back \$95 but I let the other \$5 go for the confession. He is a married man, too, and Gorga is not his real name."

That same night Mitzi sent a waiter to Muji with the request that the band play "The Rosary." They played it with great fervor and Mitzi

the place." The detective sympathized with Natzi and drank his health. Then Natzi told Tony to send Muji and Gorga out into the hallway.

"Listen," he said, when the two faced him. "I want you to clean out all your instruments in less than ten minutes, or I'll chuck them out in the street and kick you all out after them."

"And that Mitzi, too," said Tony.

"I guess you're right," said Natzi. "I haven't had any luck since she came. Everything is going wrong. There's

always a lot of noise and fuss and not so much business. Fire her, too." The two musicians lit cigarettes and, with utmost nonchalance, took their belongings from the place. Tony took upon himself the task of discharging Mitzi. He spoke to her in a low voice and no one else will ever know what he said. But Mitzi began to cry and, without a word, put on her hat and left the coffee-house. The sallow-faced youth was called from the kitchen and restored to his former station behind the counter.

The next afternoon Gorga arrayed himself in his best garments and fastened a great diamond upon his shirt-front. Then he purchased a huge cluster of roses and called at Mitzi's home.

"She went out this morning," said the girl who opened the door.

"When will she

come back?" asked Gorga. "She ain't coming back," said the girl. "She got married."

Without the tremor of a single muscle, Gorga drew a cigarette from his pocket, lit it, puffed at it slowly and then asked the girl,

"Who did she marry?"

"I never seen him before," she said.

"She called him 'Tony.'"

"Oh, yes," said Gorga. "A tall man with a sour face?"

"That's him," said the girl.

"Ah, yes!" said Gorga. He walked slowly down the street until he came upon a galvanized iron ash-barrel. Herein he carefully deposited the cluster of roses.



THE DETECTIVE: Give me a description of your missing cashier. How tall was he?

THE BOSS: I don't know how tall he is. What worries me is that he was \$3,000 short.

wiped a tear from her cheek as she listened. A few nights later a stranger entered the coffee-house while the band was playing and after carefully scanning the musicians, called for Natzi.

"I hate to break up your show," he explained, "but I've got a warrant for the arrest of one of those gypsies. Getting money out of some lady in Chicago, I think. They want him out there." Natzi sank into a chair and gazed at the man. Then, in a sudden outburst of fervor, he whispered:

"If you want to do me a favor, lock them all up. They're the biggest bunch of crooks I ever had in

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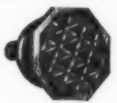
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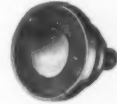
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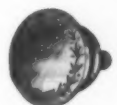
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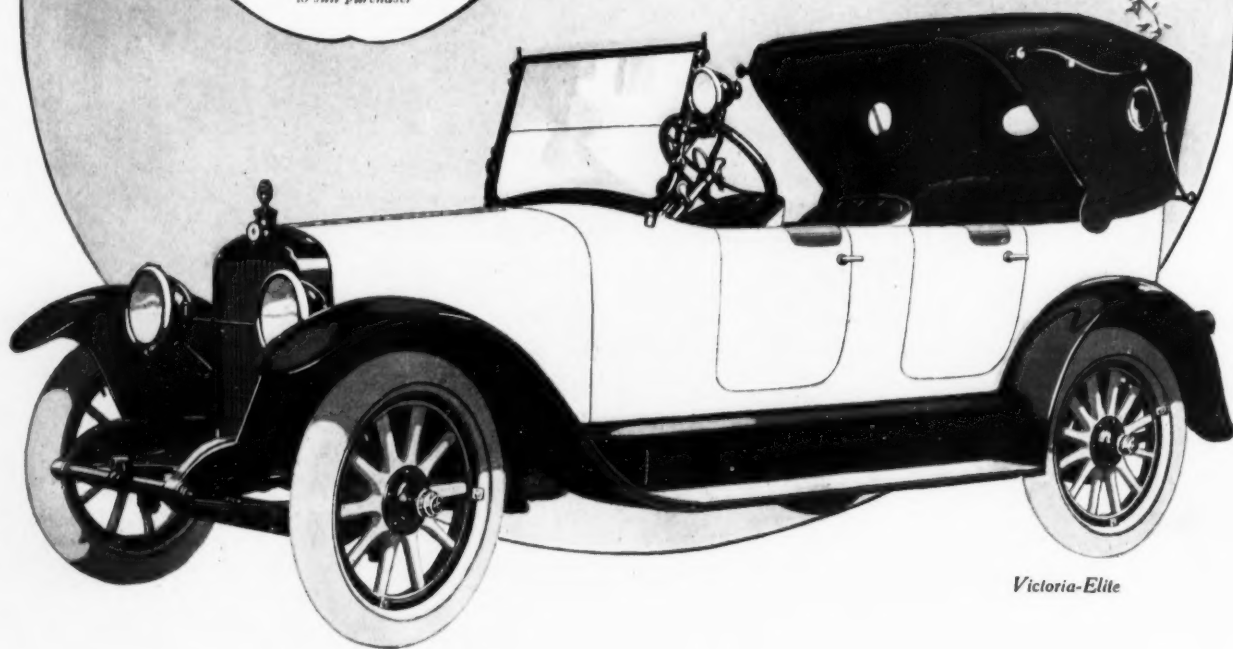
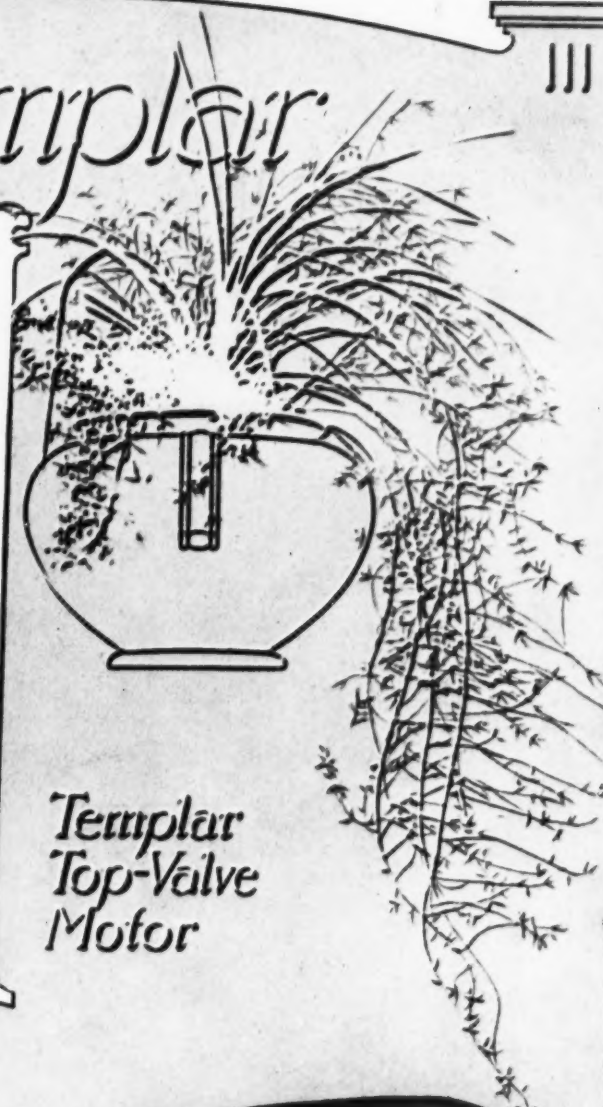
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